



Ex Libris
JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

—Klory—
from an affectionate father
C. M. St. John
—Aug. 1867—

SONGS AND VERSES.

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SONGS AND VERSES

BY

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

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Comment

[illegible]

P O E M S.

ERRATA.

Page 12—lines 11, 12—*for*—

Questioning, "May I not see her once more?"

Alice of Ormskirk answering "No!"

Read—

Questioning, "May I not see her once more

Alice of Ormskirk?"—Answering "No!"

Page 21—line 4—*for* *showed*, *read* *showed*.

" 68 " 23 " Then " When

" 72 " 1 " folly " Folly

" 73 " 3 " idleness " Idleness

" 73 " 4 " folly " Folly

" 78 " 20 " prong " prong

Page 25, lines 7 and 8—*for*—

But I thought I had seen some long, dark, curly hair

This was one to follow, this had one to beat.

Read—

But I thought I had seen something to be proud of

This was one to follow, this had one to beat.

1. THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST BOOK.

The morning radiance of that glorious light,
And still he sighed and trembled still for him,
Lies on the deep beneath the brooding night

P O E M S.



"Thistles and nettles, and dandelion seed,
I have seen them grow, and I have seen them feed;
Neglected and forgotten, and left to decay, — *How true!*"



HERO AND LEANDER.

There was the shape of Hero's love,
Such form as woke to him the sculptor's art;
Black was the wave and wild the heaven above,
And chill the tears that curled round her heart.

As Hero's dress was red, and rose to trim
The friendly tresses of that flickering light,
And still she sighed and trembled still for him,
For on the deep beneath the looming night

"Yet not so far for *him*, the strong, the brave,
Whose glad embrace not time nor tide can bar,
Who boasts his mastery over the leaping wave,
Stout living heart ! 'Tis surely not so far !"

With that she summoned courage, and the flame
She fed afresh, then turned her to the door,
And starting smok'd — and blushed for very shame,
A blush that left her paler than before.

For no one entered — and the marble stair
Show'd wide and cheerless in her lonely tower,
And something whispered, "Can another far
Have lured my like Leander to her bower ?"

Ungenerous thought ! — "Why tarrieth he so long ?"
Ungenerous thought ! half stifled ere it grew,
The gathering waves, the current deep and strong,
The swimmer's gasping need, too well she knew

And he was battling on the whale as still
Battles the loving heart, though storms arise,
The boxing heart, that strives through good and ill,
And though it fail at last, unconquered dies.

When first he plunged to meet the opposing wave,
How comely was that shape, so fresh and light,
With various strokes, its seafaring way that clare,
Faustring, gossamer, as its youthful night.

The moon shone full down in shimmering haze ;
Her own Eubynnon was not half so far
As he who laughed close to lip the brine,
And shake the seedrops from his glistening hair.

Sweet was the Siren's voice, yet all in vain,
To lure him back she smote her sounding shell ;
And wreathed her snowy arms - unheard the strain,
Unseen the gesture, and unfelt the spell.

For Hero's glimmering beacon shone to guide,
And Hero's voice seemed murmuring in his ear ;
Though long the watery way, and fierce the tide,
His breath and sinew failed, the goal was near.

But still the wind was freshening, and the deep
Swelled up in whiter surges, broad and high ;
And what could strength - against that resistless sweep,
And what was courage good for, but to die ?

Thrice did the choking waters o'er him close,
 As when the moon, a drying cloud sped on,
Ere it had passed, a score of bubbles rose
 To spot the wrinkled wave— and he was gone

So Hero woke, and watched, and whiter grew,
 The beam on her died out as day drew nigh.
And on the woman's cheek a paler hue
 Showed cold and sad beneath the morning sky

The dawn flashed up— As sinking to their sleep,
 In longer curve the waters heave and roll,
While o'er the subsides a reluctant deep,
 The sun—e— drew its sheet of molten gold

Another morn its shining promise gave,
 Another day of Light and Life in store
And yet a corpse was on the dancing wave,
 A woman's heart was breaking on the shore

She saw and stretched her arms; one stifled moan,
 One blinding plunge, she reached Leander's side
Cold was her darling's sleep, yet not alone,
 He liv'd and battled, she but loved and died

HELP AND HOLD

A LEGEND OF THE HOUSE OF ST. CLAIR.

"Now he ' now he ' spoth Robert the king—
And the red blood flew to his brow,
And the might of his hand bade the beakers ring—
"I am shamed this day, I trow !

"In stable and hall I have steeds and men,
I have steeds both staunch and free,
But the ware-bunch-deer of the hawthorn glen
Makes light of my woodcraft and me !

"And I vow to St. Hubert as I sit here,
To St. Andrew, St. Rule, and St. Bude,
Till I've sounder'd the most ' o'er the white fawn deer,
No more in the woodland to ride !"

Then up and spake the bold St. Clair,

Was drinking the red wine free,

+ The lands of thy vessel are want and bare,

My liege, as they should not be.

- But had I the space by word and wold

To breathe them a summer's day,

I'd ask but my two hounds, Help and Hold,

While I brought the white deer to bay."

- "Ye are stout," quoth the King - "ye are stout, my lord,

As behoves a St. Clair to be,

But there's many a brag at the evening board

Winna stand in the morn on the lea.

- The lands of the Strath, both far and near,

Shall be yours if her flight ye can turn,

And bring me to grips with the white fauch deer

Ere she win through the black mach burn.

+ But a man may not take if he dare not lose,

And the venture is yet to be said :

Should your good hounds fail, then ye shall not chose,

My lord, but to forfeit your head !"

"A wager! a wager!" cried bold St. Clair;

"See, bring me both hound and houn—

Go saddle the bonny black Birkbary mare,

The fleetest that feeds on corn.

"A wager! a wager! on Help and Hold!

Was never a lord of my line

But would wager his life against lands and gold—

My hags the broad stretch shall be mine—"

* * * * *

They saddled their steeds at dusk o' night,

They mounted when dawn was near,

And they slipped the good hounds with the dim grey
light,

On the track of the white fawn deer.

The white fawn deer like an arrow flew,

The good hounds followed fast;

I trow they droo e hoo team slat to view,

Ere noon was fairly past.

Still first in the chase rode bold St. Clair,

The Bruce spurred hard in his track,

And the team stood white on the Birkbary mare,

And the King's bonny bay grew slack.

"She fails, ga'eh St. Clair, "and the good hounds gun.

St. Katherine speed their flight!

Now *coot** her ' and turn her across the plain,

For the black murch burn is in sight."

The black murch burn falls steep at the bank,

To the pinch of a horseman's chin,

But Hold's grey muzzle is hot on her flank,

And the white fawn's deer leaps in.

Light down ' light down ' thou St. Clair bold!

Or never go hunting more,

Now have at her, Help ' now hang to her Hold!

And they turn her back to the shout.

The King's hanny bay a good bushshot mark

Stopped short of the Baskery mare,

And the hounds stood gum and the deer lay stark

At the foot of bold St. Clair.

"My hege ' my hege ' will ye take the knife?"

The St. Clair bent his knee;

"By St. Katherine's aul, both lads and lée

Have my good hounds won for me.

* "*Coot*," a term of some meaning to be altogether from the French *aller—coter*.

‘ And I vow to St. Kuthenne I’ll build a shrine
In ‘the Hopes’ * by the western wave,
And I vow to St. Hubert those bounds of mine
Shall be carved in stone on my grave ’

The bold St. Clair he sleeps in Spain,[†]
For with good Lord James he had part,
When they hewed a red path through a host of slain,
To follow the Bruce’s heart.

But Help and Hold, as I’ve been told,
May be seen in St. Kuthenne’s chapelle,
And soon and true of the house of St. Clair
Still love a good hound well.

* The chapel of St. Kuthenne in the Hopes, built by Sir William St. Clair, early in the fourteenth century.

† H. St. William, a companion of the Bruce in Spain, which is commemorated in the story of his last battle to the Holy Land.

ALICE OF ORMSKIRK.

Days and months drag wearily by,
Scenes and shadows, they haunt me still,
The stait stream and the wentry sky,
And the day dying out on the crest of the hill

And the lights astir in the town below,
There lived Alice, the frank and free .
Many a flower could Ormskirk show,
Alice alone looked kindly on me.

She could whisper, and smile, and sigh,
Pleading, fluttering, so can the rest ,
But oh ! the light in her roving eye,
Would have wiled the babe from its mother's breast

I freighted my bark with the rich and rare
 Alice of Ormskirk ! all for thee,
Little I reckoned of cost or care,
 But I launched her out on a summer sea.

A summer sea, and a smiling sky,
 Never a ripple, and never a frown,
Never a token of shipwreck nigh,
 What did it matter ? The bark went down.

For though I was rugged, and wild, and free,
 I had a heart like another man ;
And oh ! had I known how the end would be,
 I would it had broke ere the play began.

I would it had broke ere I used in vain,
 For Alice grew cold and cruel to me
But though I was dizzy and sick with pain,
 I turned from her lower as haughty as she.

Alice of Ormskirk ! could ye not spare ?
 Never I bore ye a thought of ill ;
Alice of Ormskirk, false and fair !
 You have darkened my life ! Must I love you still ?

Oh ! better for me that a blind born child,
Never a line I had learned to trace,
Than thus by a hawk and a hunch beguiled,
To have read my doom in fair Alice's face.

And better for me to have made my bed
Under the yew where my father sleeps,
Cold and weary, at rest with the dead,
Than have given my heart to fair Alice to keep.

Night by night must I pace the shore,
Longing, lingering to and fro,
Questioning, " May I not see her once more ?"
Alice of Ormskirk answering " No !"

And still the echoing sea-cave rings,
It's one unceasing pitiless strain,
And still the wild wave dashes and sings,
" Never again love—never again !"

GRISELDA.

For though her smile was sad and faint
 And though her voice was low,
 She never murmured a complaint,
 Nor hinted at her woe ;
 Nor harboured in her gentle breast
 The lightest thought of ill,
 Giving all, forgiving all,
 Pure and perfect still.
 Consoling when the world was hard,
 And kind when it was cold,
 What wealth of love was stored and hoarded
 Within that heart of gold !
 Esulting every grief to share,
 And every task fulfil ;
 Giving all—forgiving all,
 Fond and faithful still.

And when to crush that pained brow
The storm-cloud broke at last,
And all her pride was shattered now,
And all her power was past,
She meekly kissed the hand that smote,
And yielded to its will,
Giving all—forgiving all,
True and tender still.

IT IS NOT GOOD TO BE ALONE.

In solitude the sparks are struck that led the world
admire,

Though heart and brain must scorch the while in self-
consuming fire.

In solitude the sufferer smiles, defiant of his doom,

And madness sets aloud, and wails, and gibbers in the
gloom,

In dazzling work to weave at will from fancy's brightest
dyes,

And spend the task, ungrudging all, we have, and hope,
and prize.

But it must make the devil laugh, to mark hour, day by
day,

The plague-spot widens out and spreads, and eats the
web away.

In vain the unwilling rebel smites, so loth' to defeat its
own,

Turns from the day, and seems to pray, and comes
down alone,

Oh 't better far to wail aloud, on earth or heaven, to cry
Than like the panther in its lair to gnash his teeth and
die,

Then help me, brother, help me ' For thy heart is
made like mine,

The shaft that drains my life away is haply winged for
thine.

It is not good to stand alone the common cross to bear,
But two or three like one must be, and God shall hear
their prayer,

THE BONNY TRE AND KNOTS

My first is for my darling's head,
My second for her hair,
My whole, in loops of white and red,
I bring her from the fair ;
She loves it better sung than said,
That bonny Scottish air.

R. I. P.

Rest thee, proud peerless face !

Rest thee, fair head !

There, in that other place,

Wearing each living trace,

Beauty, and scornful grace,

Peace to the dead !

Rest thee, fond wilful heart !

Where thou art fled ;

Clear of the strife thou art,

Ours is the living smart,

Thine is the better part,

Peace to the dead !

Rest thee, beloved one !

Well hast thou sped !

Sand of thy glass is run,

Trouble and toil are done,

Sorrow to vex thee none,

Peace to the dead !

Rest, where we lay thee deep !

In thy lone bed ;

Tears never more to weep,

Vigil nor ward to keep,

Folded at last to sleep,

Peace to the dead !

LOST.

'Twas yet but May, and here and there,
 Pink and white the blossoms fell,
 Quivering down through the summer air
 On the shaven sward so trim and bare.
 Oh ! I remember well
 The very net-work of the tree,
 And its shadows closing on her and me
 My old love, in the garden chair,
 Looking upward soft and shy,
 With her oval face and her rippling hair,
 And the rich white dress she used to wear,
 And her work laid idly by.
 'Tis strange to think of now, and yet
 I were stranger, hunder, to forget

Her eyes were deep with the light of love.

And on her hands, and on her face,

Revered the sun was illumined along

The blossoms showered apace.

She chid me gently, fondly, when

I pressed my kisses to her lips I pressed

But ask I her own dearest child, and then

I hid them in my breast.

My old love gave the words she said,

I think her words will deem them true.

I think we shall come when those are dead.

Our love shall wither too !"

I held my peace, I bowed my head,

Ah ! not for me, I knew.

At last I whispered, " Say not so,

My being were as brave and strong.

And love is linked as ours, you know,

Can strive and suffer long.

Its nobleness will be warped with wrong.

But never crossed with wrong !"

She placed her work, beneath its modest ham,

Her face was hidden in her fragrant hair.

Her tears were falling on her busy hands,

And thus we parted there.

* * * * *

The blue sea sparkles in the noonday ray,
The eastern sun is flashing fiercely down.
Here watch the hosts, and ponder, in the bay,
Lies the beleaguered town.
Hark ! the alarm sounds—the French *capped*
Collects its eager crowd the trench to fill,
Our drums are beating and our trumpets swell,
The *thor val line* is mustering on the hill
White tents in thousands dot the wasted plain
The canvas city, swarming like a fair,
Wakes up to life, while hanging for the slain
A vulture hangs expectant in the air !
But laugh, and jest, and reach cheer,
And corded grips of hand in hand
Would make the game of death appear
But some athletic pastime here,
In this Crimean land.
“ Fall in ! ” the way they know too well
The valley paved with shot and shell,
Accursed as the road to hell,
That none may travel back.
“ Fall in ! attention ! steady ! ” so
The sergeants hurry to and fro,
The ranks are closed, the columns grow.

And winding downwards sure and slow,
File off to the attack,
While booming out above their measured tread,
That dull explosion leads the summer air
It seems the psalm for the soldier dead,
A knell that bids the living leave despair
It ceaseth not—no respite even when
The daylight counsel of blood and strife is gone,
The hours come back, again, and yet again,
And ever and anon
The death watch of a hundred thousand men
Ticks on—ticks on!
Through all the day—through all the night
The pale moon rises from the sea,
And darts a wan and ghostly light
On him and me,
For I was lying in the trench we made,
Wrapped in my cloak and belted with my blade,
A slatted palisade over my slumbers hung,
And close beside me was my comrade slung.
My comrade of a night, 'twas strange how deep
How calm and motionless seemed that solemn sleep
Beneath his hand his ready frock lay,
His coarse red garb denoted common clay.

A peasant's birth has homely lotus betrayed,
A peasant's peaceful lot, ere yet he made
His fatal choice—the banquet for the spoils
I heard the muffled clink, the earthwork fall,
And yet my comrade stumbled through it all—
But hark ! as if to break the spell,
The rush and whistle of a shell
Divides the midnight air,
The fash-are dropped, the markets ring,
Afoot recumbent figures spring,
From lip to lip the word flies flung,
An oath, a jest, a prayer,
"Stand to your arms, my lads" — "Is thus we dare"
The living trumpet it's death to storm,
But he alone seemed not to hear,
My comrade never raised his head,
I bowed me down to see in him near,
In sorrow rather than in dread ;
The moon was shining cold and bright
My living instincts told me right,
His face was fixed — his face was white —
Great God ! the man was dead !
One stifened arm was up and thrown, and where,
Beneath the bowern hand his wrist was bare,

Blush on the surface of its yellow skin,
 A heart, a woman's name was punctured in
 By Heaven ! 'twas no unmanly tear I shed,
 The common weakness linked me with the dead
 That moment, like a fish I seemed to see
 My lover's white dress beneath the summer tree
 The best, with stronger pulse and calmer breath,
 I took my place to meet our battle death

• • • • •

"Cheer, boys, cheer!"

That old familiar strain
 No longer mocked the listening ear,
 Our troops were home again,
 An English sun was shining bright,
 And English meadows green and gold,
 Were all a-glitter in the light,
 How could she look so calm and cold ?
 With wealth of leaves our tree was fair,
 It shaded but a cheerless pair ;
 My old lover's face was pale and proud,
 And I was all wrothed to bear
 A wounded heart, and in despair,
 My sorrow cried aloud.
 " Here, take them back, the tress of hair,

The rose, the ring, the glove,
My pride shall never stoop to wear
For emblems but of friendly care
The gifts that once were love,
And couldst thou judge me thus unheard,
Was that thy faith, as this my due ?
Though thousands heaped the slanderous word
Thou should'st have known me true !
Yes, take them back— I'll tell thee now,
All thou hast been to me,
How oft to death I bore him true,
How pure and strict I kept my vow,
And all for love of thee !
These very blossoms in my breast
That once from here I bore,
Behold them, do they not attest
The truth of him who served thee best ?
Ay, mark them !— Then I swore
Her name from out my heart to wrest,
And care for her no more.
While in the mockery of the gaudy day
I laughed, and flung these withered leaves away
She kept her eyes from off my face,
She dared not trust herself to look .

But stately, in her native grace,

Though once I thought she shook.

With calm, defiant courtesy, bending low.

She left me, answering only "Be it so."

* * * * *

My old lost love,

Once more I stand beneath the tree.

Through branches bleak and bare above.

The wintry wind is blowing free.

The snow lies white upon the road,

The clouds are dark behind the hill,

Around me all is blank and cold ;

My heart is colder, blanker still.

Ay, mock me in your dreary mirth,

Ye spectral branches, nod and wave,

For I am left alone on earth,

And she is in her grave.

No more to ask, and plead, and vow,

Too late for pardon or amends.

I'd give my whole existence now

We two had only parted friends.

It seems so hard to think for us.

Not even hope can soften woe,

'Tis cruel to have lost her thus,

I loved her so ! I loved her so !
Not even hope, yet good men say,
Hope hath no home here on this side
But dwells above, and only they
Know how to live who live to die.
It must be so, and thus I bear
My stripes, and bow me to the rod,
In trust, ere long to follow where
My darling loved the path I have trod
She surely will forgive me there,
When we have met before our God.

VOID.

‘Gone’—wholly gone!—How cold and dark,
A cheerless world of hope bereft,
The beacon quenched, and not a spark
In all the dull grey ashes left.

No more, no more a living part
In life’s contending maze to own;
Dead to its kind, an empty heart
Feeds on itself, alone! alone!

The present but a blank, and worse,
No ray along the future cast,
A lightning by the lightning-curse
Except the past—except the past.

As, if the cup be crushed and spilt,
More than the sin, the loss I rue ;
And if the cloud was black with guilt,
The silver light of love shone through

And though the price be maddening pain,
One half their raptures to restore,
And live but half those hours again
I'd pay the cruel price once more

Dreams! dreams! Not backward flows the tide
Of life and love. It cannot be.
Well! thine the triumph and the pride,
The suffering and the shame for me

LADY MARGARET.

" And grant me his life," Lady Margaret cried,

" Oh ! grant but his life to me,

And I'll give ye my gold and my lands so wide,

An' ye let my love go free.

" And spare me his life " Lady Margaret prest,

" As ye hope for pardon above,

And I'll give ye the heart from out of my breast

For the life of my own true love !"

They led him forth to the silent square,

In the gray of the morning sky,

And they gave him a cup of the red wine there,

To drink, and then to die.

Without the gate Lady Margaret stood,
And she watched for the rising sun,
Till it blushed on the stone work and glauced on the wood,
And the headsman's work was done.

Not a link she stirred, but when noon-day's glow
Smote down on her temples bare,
A tatter'd sun had not melted the snow
That streaked Lady Margaret's hair.

TRUE METAL

For this is love, and this alone,

Not counting cost nor grudging gain,

That builds its life into a throne,

And bids the idol reign.

That hopes no love yet seeks no power,

And for a sorrow weakly borne

Does not yield to words but deigns

Can hide a gentle scorn.

In peace and quiet that takes no part

Of self and sin, that bears no taint,

The homage of a knightly heart

For a woman and a saint.

Such love will wear through lance and shower,

Such love can bear to bide its time,

Unwearied at the vesper hour

As when the matins chime.

Though love it oft be, 'tis no drink,

It freely ventures loss or win ;

And it end its showers on the bank

While love leaps boldly in.

And love can strive against a host,

Can watch and wait, and suffer long,

Still disarms none, when reason must

In very weakness strong.

Though bruised, yet sore it never dross

Though faint and weary-standing fast

It never fails. And thus the prize

Is won by love at last.

THE QUEEN OF THE ROSES.

I was wont to lie in the morning hour,
 So pure and fresh and fair,
 A blossom bursting into flower,
 That gladdened all the air.

I nestled bet' my dainty sheets around
 Beneath the noon-tide ray,
 The glory of the garden-ground,
 The pride of the summer's day.

But ere I rose the daylight's glow
 The southern blast awoke,
 And dashed and tore the queenly rose
 Beneath its pelting stroke.

Alas ! her petals strew the bower ;
Yet, mangled though she lie,
The fragrance of that petal'd flower
Floats upward to the sky.

ESPÉRANCE.

For yonder thick, the clouds are brown,
 Hard is the toil, thy Lord's behest,
 And weak the arm, though girt the gown,
 And true the heart within thy breast
 A beam the sun goes heavily down,
 My Brother, shall we rest?

Strong is the foe, and sharp the fray,
 With leveled lance and cloven shield
 He champions till the ranks give way,
 Along the front, across the field,
 He down the knights are down. Then say,
 My Brother, shall we yield?

Forbid it, honour, courage, trust !
Forbid it, all that's brave and true !
Toil freely on, since toil you must,
The day of harvest brings the price .
From black defeat and crimsoned dust,
See golden victory rise !

Peace is the end and aim of strife,
The palms of Heaven are earned below .
Earth's vital powers are rich and true,
Beneath her winding sheet of snow .
Death is itself the germ of life,
And joy the child of woe.

Then *Esperance* ! hope on, the night
Is never lost, while fight we may ;
At home the hearth is shining bright,
Though yet unseen along the way .
And the darkest hour of all the night
Is that which brings us day.

HERE LEAVE THY GIFT UPON THE
ALTAR."

Open in the promise and lustre of morning,

I told thee that thou shalt it would be mine

Promise for true, no giftless of warning,

I love was like mine, and life was like wine

Now that thou art of the vanquished is spoken,

Now that the sun hath gone down to the sea,

Now that the heart hath been trampled and broken,

God of the helpless I bring it to Thee

Earth was so fair, and a land of treasure

Nature's love reared her pages in gold,

And now the glaze, illusion the pleasure,

A phantom to vanish, a tale to be told,

Here—here the glory of summer was glowing,

See the dead leaves drifts here on the tree,

Blasts of a desolate winter are blowing,

God of the helpless I shelter with Thee

Gone the glad hope in a dawn of to-morrow,
 I used, forgotten, the noon of to-day,
Night drawing closer in sadness and sorrow,
 Gloom in the valley and ghosts on the way
All the bright hours of the past I can reckon,
 Memories of anguish beseeching to me
Man cannot guide me, nor angel can beckon,
 God of the hopeless ! whom have I but Thee ?

A DIRGE.

Hurts of Heaven, bright and shining,
 Bid thee welcome, spirits wait,
 Hitting down to greet thee, turning
 Garlands at the golden gate;
 See ! before thee flash and quiver,
 Rising in eternal light,
 Daybreak on the crystal river,
 And behind thee night !
 Earth hath been scouring thee, now it is past,
 Providence sparing thee,
 Mercy preparing thee,
 Angels are leaving thee homeward at last !
 O'ercome ! the bitter taste of sorrow,
 Lulled the angry throbb of pain,
 Glad, yet fearless of the morrow,
 Thine the bliss, without the bane.

Done with earthly trouble, taking
Thought no more for earthly ease,
Spent with earthly travail, waking
For his wages there !

Earth hath been wearing thee, now it is past
Providence sparing thee,
Mercy preparing thee,
Angels are bearing thee homeward at last

songs of Heaven, triumphant singing,
Rank on rank, in waves of light,
March the immortal legions, bringing
Crown of gold and robe of white ;
Far above them, lustre streaming
Round its towers, unbuilt by hands,
Through a mist of glory beaming,
See, the city stands !

Earth hath been wearing thee, now it is past,
Providence sparing thee,
Mercy preparing thee,
Angels are bearing thee homeward at last !

NIGHTFALL.

Like a dream the past hath fled,
 All its summer glories shed ;
 Hope hath vanished, love is dead .
 Lonely hours are mine to spend,
 Watching ever, watching ever,
 Waiting for the end.

Though with promise fair and bright,
 Morning rose in golden light,
 Ere my noon, came down the night .
 Welcome to me as a friend,
 Watching ever, watching ever,
 Waiting for the end.

Sinking with the cruel load,
Sore and smarting to the goad,
Weary, weary of the road ;
 Heaven to me thy respite send !
 Watching ever, watching ever,
 Waiting for the end.

EPHEMERAL.

It came with the merry May, love,

It blossomed with the summer June,

In a dying year's decay, love,

It brightened the fading time ;

I thought it would last for a life, love,

But it went with the winter snow,

Only a year ago, love,

Only a year ago !

I was captivat'd with a deeper root, love,

Than the blighting eastern tree,

I let it grow deep in me, and the fruit, love,

Was a bitter morsel to me ;

The poison is yet in my brain, love,

It's there in my breast, for you know

'Twas only a year ago, love,

Only a year ago !

It never can bloom any more, love,

For the plough hath past over the spot,

And the furrow hath left its scent, love

In the place where the flowers are not

It is gone like a tale that is told, love

Like a dream as it hath fled, although

'Twas only a year ago, love,

Only a year ago !

COMMUNE MALUM.

Few the days so dark and dreary,

But are brightened by a gleam,

Seldom night so long and weary,

But 'tis lightened with a dream ;

So the fruit that never ripens

Blossomed once for me,

Far away in bonny Scotland,

Down by the sea.

Pale and calm the water was sleeping,

Pale and soft the skies above,

All was peace, and all in keeping

With the holy hush of love ;

Woke the pearl of peace beside me

Promised mine to be,

Far away in bonny Scotland,

Down by the sea.

Pearl I never thought could fail me,
Jewel of my darker lot,
How shall faith and truth avail me ?
All dishonoured and forgot,
Would that death had come between us
While we yet were free,
Far away in bonny Scotland,
Down by the sea.

Better that than shame and sorrow,
Trust betrayed and spirit strife,
Longing night and long^{er} morrow,
Are not these but death in life ?
All the heart I had lies buried,
There let it be !
Far away in bonny Scotland,
Down by the sea.

VALERIUS DEATH IN THE COURT OF THE
TEMPLE.

VOL. III. OF "THE GLADIATORS."

I see I and I love hath dealt the blow,
It is not hard to die like this ;
I never thought such joy to know,
That these poor lips to thine should grow,
And all my soul to meet thee flow
In one impassioned parting kiss.

The hand I love, 'tis mine at last,
I press it to my sinking breast ;
The tide of life is ebbing fast,
The game played out, the lot is cast,
The day gone down, the journey past.
An hour's full brings eternal rest.

The hand I love, 'twas handly won,
 There canst not prize it, girl, too high,
 'Tis freely given, my task is done,
 The thread of fate is wound and spun
 The tempest hails at set of sun,
 And I can lay me down to die.

Dear hand I love, a long farewell!
 Remorse and shame I scorn to own
 Though hard she thought and low she tell,
 Pride could not bid her love rebel,
 And now her dying gasps shall tell,
 Valeria's heart was thine alone.

THE WHITE WITCH.

Have a care ! she is fair,
The White Witch there ;

In her cold hand have up a jewelled star,
She has spells for the living would waken the dead,
And they look in the line of her lip so red,
And they look in the turn of her delicate head,
And the golden gleams on her hair.

Forbear ! have a care
Of that beauty so rare ;
'Tis the pale proud face and the queen-like air,
And the low-voiced glances that deepen and share,
And the curl of light tresses that glisten and flare,
And the whispers that madden, like knives of war,
Too late ! too late to beware !

Never heed ! never spare !

Never fear ! never care !

It is saggier to love, it is wiser to dare '

Lonely and longing, and looking for you,

She has woven the meshes you cannot break through

She has taken your heart, you may follow it too,

Up the jewelled stair, good luck to you there '

In the crystal cave with the witch so fair,

The White Witch fond and fair '

FORGET ME NOT.

FORGET me not, though I repine
Because you've found a fresher heart,
To give it all that once was mine,
I'll say, farewell, and part !

Because you've found a fairer face,
A nobler name, a lovelier lot,
I'll meekly bow, and yield my place.
But oh ! forget me not.

For all the world you've been to me.
As I hold the world you take away :
The joy of summer from the tree,
The glory from the day.

To leave a dead year's barren curse,
A dead leaf whirling on the lawn,
A soulless, starless night, and worse,
A hopeless, helpless dawn.

Not much I sought. I had my dream,
Dear love, your very words I quote,
"A rose, the ripple of a stream,
A blue sky and a boat."

But roses fade as roses blow,
And summer days can lower and frown,
The stream runs deep and dark, and so
This boat of ours went down.

Hard, hard, to learn the common task !
Hard, hard, to bear the common lot !
For pity's sake, 'tis all I ask,
Forget me not, forget me not !

ON A SKETCH,

BY AUGUSTUS HAMLEY, ESQ.,

OF A CHATELAIN'S WIDOW LOOKING AT HER
HUSBAND'S PORTRAIT.

So bright—dream—so dear a dream,

So few the happy years!

A loving past, too fair to last,

And nothing left but tears.

Met—into space, thy portrait's grace:

As daylight ²into gloom,

For youth I was I must droop and fade

Ere it can deck thy tomb.

What have I left, of thee bereft?

My darling bright and brave,

But long—long hours: dead hopes and flowers,

A picture and a grave!

"IMBUTA,"

THE new wine, the new wine,
It tasteth like the old,
The heart is all athirst again,
The drops are all of gold ;
We thought the cup was broken,
And we thought the tide was told,
But the new wine, the new wine,
It tasteth like the old !

The flower of life had faded,
The leaf was in its fall,
The winter seemed so early
To have reached us, once for all ;
But now the buds are breaking,
There is grass above the mould,
And the new wine, the new wine,
It tasteth like the old !

The earth had grown so dreary,
The sky so dull and grey,
One was weeping in the darkness,
His was sorrowing through the day,
But light from heaven gleams again,
On water, wood, and wold,
And the new wine, the new wine,
It tasteth like the old !

For the loving lips are laughing,
And the loving face is fair,
Though a phantom land is on the board,
And phantom eyes are there ;
The phantom eyes are soft and sad,
The phantom hand is cold,
But the new wine, the new wine,
It tasteth like the old !

We dare not look, we turn away,
The precious draught to drain,
Fete worse than madness, smelly now,
To lose it all again ;
Is quivering lip, with clinging grasp,
The fatal cup we hold,

For the new wine, the new wine,

It tasteth like the old !

And life is short, and love is life,

And so the tale is told,

Though the new name, the new name

It tasteth like the old !

RIDING THROUGH THE BROOM.

There's music in the gallery,
There's dancing in the hall,
And the girl I love is moving
Like a goddess through the ball.
Amongst a score of rivals
You're the fairest in the room,
But I like you better, Marion,
Marion, Marion,
I like you better, Marion,
Riding through the broom.

It was but yester morning,
The vision haunts me still,
That we looked across the valley,
As our horses rose the hill.

And I bade you read my riddle,
And I waited for my doom,
While the spell was on us, Marion,
Marion, Marion,
The spell was on us, Marion,
Riding through the broom.

The wild bird carolled freely,
The May was dropping dew,
The day was like a day from heaven,
From Heaven, because of you ;
And on my heart there broke a light,
Dispelling weeks of gloom,
While I whispered to you, Marion,
Marion, Marion,
While I whispered to you, Marion,
Riding through the broom :

" What is freer than the wild bird?
What is sweeter than the May?
What is fresher than the morning,
And brighter than the day?"
In your eye came deeper lustre,
On your cheek a softer bloom,

And I think you guessed it, Marion,

Marion, Marion,

I think you guessed it, Marion,

Riding through the broom.

And now they flatter round you,

These insects of an hour,

And I must stand aloof and wait,

And watch my cherished flower,

I glory in her triumphs,

And I grudge not her perfume,

But I love you best, my Marion,

Marion, Marion,

I love you best, my Marion,

Riding through the broom.

THE PROUD LADY.

'Tis a cheerless moon for a gallant to swim,
 And the moon shines cold and clear,
 Sir Knight, I was never yet balked of my whim,
 And I long for the May that float on the brim,
 Go, bring me those blossoms here !
 Then I offered them low on my bended knee,
 " They are faded and wet," quoth the Proud Lady.

 A jay screamed out from the topmost pine,
 That waved by the castle wall,
 And she vowed if I loved her I'd never decline
 To harry his nest for this mistress of mine,
 Though I broke my own neck in the fall.
 Then I brought her the eggs and she flouted me,
 " You would climb too high," said the Proud Lady.

I and he, were dressed and the ladies in rest,
And the knightly band arrayed,
I saw that Sir Hubert who bore him best,
With a conquer's white glove earned high on his crest
Till I shone it away with my blade,
But I could not find it before her. "See,
The blood of our youth blood," said the Proud Ladye

Yet you are not in I hope, and an ivory hand
But your heart is as cold as a stone,
I swore I loved you so fully and truly, now
I have broken my fetter and cancelled my vow,
You may sigh at your bittre alone ;
How can woman as fair who are kinder to me,
Go back for another, my Proud Ladye ?

He then told fast, he began to rue,
When he counted the cost of her pride,
Till he grieved and lost it she never knew,
The worthless heart that was loving and true .
And she beckoned me back to her side
While only he whispered, " I love but thee " ,
So I won her at last, my Proud Ladye

* JOHN ANDERSON.*

THINE eyes are macker, sadder now,
Though softly still they shine,
And on thy staid and gentle brow
I trace the thoughtful line.

Thy voice is dearest of music still,
Though its tones are hushed and low ;
While deep to my heart those accents thrill
As they thrilled to it long ago.

And here and there a silver thread
Amongst thy locks I spy,
Where the hand of time on thy dainty head
Hath but blessed it, and so passed by.

For the golden years have fled to the past—
And indeed, if truth must be told,
While the silver spends bravely, the flax wears fast,
And love, we are growing old.

We are growing old—oh! the morn'g was bright,
And rich was the noonday ray,
But I am met here with its fading light,
Is the sweet of the summer's day.

Yet though spring be so fair, with her laughing eyes,
Like a maid in her early bloom,
Haste, a hasty day, to the autumn days,
When the harvest is gathered home.

And I think me close to the mountain side,
From its mouth is so fresh and free,
It cannot see the postman, nor lead the mill,
For it steal to its rest in the sea.

It is cold, cold, the river flows,
And widens by the way—
And many a noble reach it shows,
And many a sunlit bay.

Calmer, and broader, and seaward still,
Till headland and cape be past;
And the stream that was once but a trickling rill,
Is lost in the deep at last.

We must all float on with the silent stream,
Float out to the silent sea,
Where the soul wakes up from a restless dream,
In the hush of eternity!

"SOUL MUSIC."

I see and hear them sing, child, and I know that
they spoke to me,

With my mother's arms about me, while I sat on my
mother's knee ;

As we sat under love that saved us, and as Father we
had on high,

And to prove that we need not fear, child, and the soul
that can never die,

In the bloom of the summer time trees, in the glow of the
summer's day,

As I heard them singing family then, for they seemed
so far away.

As I walked with the loved one— you remember
the loved one, dear,

Yet the smile that is gone from among us, and the voice
we no longer hear,

The voice was so tender and earnest, that joy was too deep for mirth,

And the heart was too full for speech, child, and heaven had come down on earth.

Not a drop in the cup seemed wanting, the thirst of a life to fill,

And farther and fainter the song died out—but I heard the angels still.

Then the loved one was taken from me, and I bowed my head in my hand,

For my bark was free on a silent sea, and I was alone on the strand;

The day had gone down for me, child, the light of my life was fled,

And I longed for the sleep of an endless night, and to lay me beside the dead.

Then I clung to the arm that smote me, with a prayer from a bended knee,

And my heart climbed up to meet the song—and the song floated down to me.

I have heard it so often since, child, at church on the holy morn

When the mass swells, and the praise goes up, that "to us a Child is born."

And come in the hush of my home life, and there where
the little ones play,

And once in the twilight of twilight at the turn of the
night and the day ;

Each time they sing in sweeter strain, they call us a
clearer tone,

And I know for the Keeper to house the grain, and the
Master to claim his own.

I think it will not be long, hark, they are hailing me
home at last,

In the place where the joy of the future shall be linked
on the love of the past—

When the homeless shall seek a shelter, the lonely shall
find a friend,

When the heart's desire shall be granted that hath trusted
and loved to the end ;

When there's fruit in the gardens of heaven from hopes
that on earth were betrayed,

When there's rest for the soul hie wearied, that hath
striven, and suffered, and prayed.

MARY HAMILTON.

There's a bonny wild rose on the mountain side,

Mary Hamilton.

In the glaze of noon she hath droop'd and died,

Mary Hamilton.

Soft and still is the evening shower,

Pattering kindly on brake and bonnet,

But it falls too late for the parched flower,

Mary Hamilton.

There's a lark lies lost at the head of the glen,

Mary Hamilton.

Lost and missed from shalins and pen,

Mary Hamilton.

The shepherd has sought it through toil and heat,

And now he grove when he heard it beat,

For he woe to the limb, it lies dead at his feet,

Mary Hamilton.

The night is chilling, ghostly, and chill.

Mary Hamilton.

And the weary maid cometh down from the hill,

Mary Hamilton.

He's not home! But he's home at last.

And he's not at the door, but the door is fast.

For the moon is risen and the curtains just

Mary Hamilton.

Have risen to the rose, the evening rain,

Mary Hamilton.

For it is the rain, the shepherd's pain,

Mary Hamilton.

For it is the rain, the maiden's stroke,

For it is the rain when the loom hath been spoke,

For it is the rain when the heart is broke.

Mary Hamilton.

LOVE'S PEDIGREE.

WILD folly, certain legends tell,
Was wedded to a maid,
A dusky maid that loved to dwell
In drowsy summer shade.

Their offspring is a fairy elf,
A thing of tricks and wiles,
He plays with hearts to please him-self,
And when they break he smiles.

Unpitied pain, and toil in vain,
That little tyrant brings ;
And those who fain would slip his chain
Must cheat him of his wings.

To Cupid's tutelage, you may guess.

Each parent lends a part,

The chain, the toil, from idleness,

While folly adds the smart.

CATHCART'S HILL.

IN MEMORIAM.

Once again we rally, comrades,
 Comrades of the old brigade !
 Welcome to the triple badges,
 Star and Thistle and Grenade.
 Once again we take our places,
 Once again the healths we fill,
 But we miss remembered faces,
 And we think of Cathcart's Hill.

Round the circle jests are passing,
 Stungless gibe and harmless jeer,
 Some are laughing, some are quaffing,
 Mirth is half the soldier's cheer ;
 Loudly ring the glad young voices,
 But a whisper soft and still,
 Bids the heart that most rejoices,
 Spare a thought for Cathcart's Hill

Needs no colour waving o'er us,
Many a hazard to bring back
Of the bivouac and the league,
Of the trench and the attack,
Seems again the Advance is sounding
And the minie whistling shrill,
Bitterness plunging, mortars pounding,
On the slopes by Cathcart's Hill.

How those colours have been carried
Needs no verse of mine to tell ;
How the loyal rallied round them,
How the brave beneath them fell.
Faint and unnumbered snatched by glory,
Dripping from a crimson rill,
Some are here to tell the story,
Some are there on Cathcart's Hill.

Oh ! the merry laughing comrades !
Oh ! the true and kindly friend,
Glowing hope and brave courage,
Love and life, and this the end !

Yet a balm from grief we borrow,
Though the eye with tears may fill,
Half is pride and half is sorrow,
While we speak of Cathcart's Hill.

Noble names, devoted nobly,
High ancestral deeds to share,
Lowlier valour, waged as freely,
All alike are mouldering there.
Homes are lonely yet without them,
Women's hearts are aching still,
Though a glory hangs about them,
In their graves on Cathcart's Hill.

While a soldier's name is honoured,
While a soldier's fame is dear,
Nowhere shall they be forgotten,
Least of all, forgotten here.
In the roll of those who perished,
England's mission to fulfil,
None more proudly, fondly cherished,
Than the dead on Cathcart's Hill.

“ AVE CÆSAR ! MORITURI TE SALUTANT ”

Wise in thy visage, roses on thy brow,

Thine arm begirt with blinding clasp and zone,

Patricians, Commons, eager but to bow

And kiss thy garment's broad and crimson hem.

Barbarians, Romans, shouting *Hail !* and thou,

Thou Imperial lord of earth, and us, and them,

Great passion ' hearken to thy swordsmen's cry.

“ Good-morrow, Cæsar ! we are here to die ! ”

No *lustrum* doves, O colony far to hold,

No *curia* owe, the jewelled tram to bear,

Not gaily gird us with helm and shield of gold,

Nor sleek canards, plump, and smooth, and tame,

But champions of the arena, true and bold,

More prompt to strike, as they are loth to spare,

Thou fiercest fight who have not where to fly,

Good-morrow, Cæsar ! we are here to die ! ”

A hopeful sight, forsooth!—gallant show!

Piled to the top in heaps, they sit and stand
Rank upon rank, and row succeeding row.

A set of boys turned to greet our band
Voted the canvas waving—'and below,

The dazzling sweep of white and thirsty sand
For apace all, a blue and laughing sky.

"Good morrow, Caesar! we are here to die!"

And now the bounds are set, the match is made.

One shakes the young across his shoulder bare
In beaded folds the dangling net is flung.

Close at his elbow stalks his quarry-pair
Armed with the vanned helmet, gleaming lash.

An hundred more are loitering, jostling there,
Mirth on the lip, defiance in the eye.

"Good morrow, Caesar! we are here to die!"

The net is sick and tangled, well I know

Because you bound the Elean monster here,
Yawn for his prey and yearns to reach his toe.

With drooping nose, and sallow sleepless eyes

Soon and I apprehend to dumb suspense shall grow,

When cannon and lance are grappling for the prize

The tact and the swordsman – In and I –

Good-morrow, Caesar – we are here to die!

The thunderous cannon now I seem to feel

Thrusting and thrusting, slitting and dragging limbs

From the wounds that I have the quivering steel.

What motions, what it seems to cope with *down*

Seems to that cracking pry my senses reel.

When I hear – and a later force toward me swim

Paler and paler, fading ere they fly,

Good-morrow, Caesar – we are here to die!

A gently let room – on truth, who drive,

People – I trust not, the swordsman's trade

Is that to hunt – and now I again to strive,

Wielding the scabbard, but to grasp the blade

From the sworded pampers, when I live,

To tell the gently wanton slaughter made.

Cups that a later hand must still supply,

Good-morrow, Caesar – we are here to die!

I have a fair young wife at home —and he,
A loving mother ; and Rufillus leaves
Two bright-haired unborns, reaching to his knee ;
With every stroke some kindred bosom grieves
Tried sad to hear the shouts — 'tis sad to see
How few the fallen a Roman crowd regrets
In grim despair the prostrate champions lie,
" Good-morrow, Caesar " we are here to die "

To-morrow where shall be the long array,
That now defiles so bravely just thy thigh ?
The victims and the heroes of to-day —
Yet comes to-morrow not for us alone
The blow is bent, nor Jove himself can stay
Nor fate recall, the shaft that once hath flown
And ours hath struck, and thine is hovering nigh
" Good-morrow, Caesar " all are here to die "

LEONARD MILES THE WILDE HANDED

[illegible]

... we found a 'Merry' in the French room. I am not
with you at all. I was of Frenchman,' by Sir Walter Scott.

"YOUNG of Brittany,
 With the white hand,
 Cleaving the western sea,
 Coasting the strand,

Look if a ship there be
Sailing to land,
Ysande of Britany,
With the white hand !"

" Red in the western sea
Sinketh the sun,
Never a ship to thee
Sailleth but one,
Love on her deck may be,
Leechcraft is none ;
Husband, so false to me,
Ill hast thou done !"

" Ysande, my troth and plight,
Are they not thine ?
Wife, lest I die to-night,
Read me the sign,
Sail hath she black or white
Dipping the brine ?
Read me the truth aright,
Fair wife of mine !"

" Black as the raven's wing
 Floating the slain,
Black as the cloud in spring
 Breaking to rain ;
Black as the wrongs that fling
 Shame on us twain,
Flappeth her sail to bring
 Sectour in vain !"

 Droge l has unconquered head,
 Paler he grew,
Death on his marriage-bed
 Held him, he knew.
Word of reproach, he said,
 Never but two,
Breathed, while the spirit fled,
 " Ysode—untrue !"

Ysode of Cornwall, see
 Heart-broken, stand,
Trestrem was dead ere she
 Leaped to the land.

Lulled may thy vengeance be,

Deftly 'twas planned,

Ysande of Britany

With the white hand !

HUNTING SONGS.

THE LORD OF THE VALLEY.

Huntsmen on hettings and hawks in a litter,
 Spitting and affraying from left and from right ;
Huntsfolk clapping them, see him they gather,
 Dorring the woodcock as scarlet and white
Foot people stamping on horsemen peeping,
 A shout here, a shout there, and a shout,
Fresh from his estrange as bridegroom in marriage,
 The Lord of the Valley leaps gallantly out.
Tune the wenger, neglecting or scornful,
 Goes about him in lecherous dildan,
Fingers him with the whisper of morning,
 Daintily, airily, paces the plain.

Then in a second, his course having reckoned
I see that all Leicestershire cannot surpass,
Fleet as the swallow, when summer winds follow,
The Lord of the Valley skims over the grass.

Where shall we take him? Ah! now for the tussle.
These are the beauties, can stoop, and can fly,
Down go their noses, together they hustle,
Dashing and flinging, and scoring to cry
Never stand dreaming, while yonder they re-streaming.
If ever you meant it, man, mean it to-day!
Bold ones are riding and fast ones are striding,
The Lord of the Valley is forward, away!

Hard on his track o'er the open, and facing
The cream of the country, the pack of the chase,
Mute as a dream, his pursuers are racing,
Silence, you know 's the criterion of pace.
Swarming and driving, while man and horse striving,
By hugging and cramming scarce live with them still,
The fastest are failing, the truest are tailing,
The Lord of the Valley is over the hill!

Yonder water-lily rolled up with his master,

Here on the bank, another lot cast,

For ever and faster come grief and disaster,

All but the good ones are weeded at last

Hunters so kind as it were and kinder,

As on the narrow way are fun to be led,

First, is the red game, the countryman sowing,

Has guided the Lord of the Valley ahead."

There on the bottom, see, sluggish and idle,

Meets the dark stream where the willow tree grows,

Black is our heart as I catch hold of your bridle,

Sadly hum ' mouse hum ' and over he goes,

Look, in a minute a dozen are in it,

But forward ' back forward ' for dragged and blown

With k though dawning, with courage untiring,

The Lord of the Valley is holding his own.

Onward we struggle in sorrow and labour,

Pushing and holding, and "bellows to mend."

But while I wonder at the plight of his neighbour,

Only is anxious to get to the end.

Horses are flagging, hounds drooping and lagging;

But gathering down yonder, where press as they may,
Mobbish, driven, and haunted, but game and undaunted.

The Lord of the Valley stands proudly at bay.

Now here's to the Baron, and all his supporters,

The thrusters, the skimmers, the whole of the tale;

And here's to the forest of all hunting quarters,

The wildest of pastures, three cheers for the Vale!

For the fair lady ruler, the rogue who beside her

Finls' breath in a gallop his suit to advance,

The bounds for our pleasure, that time is the measure,

The Lord of the Valley that leads us the chase!

THE GALLOPING SQUIRE.

I'll show you a country that none can surpass,

For a flyer to cross like a bird on the wing.

We have miles of woodland and oceans of grass,

We have game in the autumn and cubs in the spring.

We have some of our good fellows hang out in the shire,

But the best of them all is the Galloping Squire.

The Galloping Squire to the saddle has got,

While the low dog is melting in games on the thorn,

From the kennel he's drained the pack of his lot,

How they waltz to his cheer! How they fly to his
horn!

Like a cat is turning or chasing like fire,

I can trust em, each hound," says the Galloping Squire.

One wave of his arm to the covert they throng,

“ You’ wind him ’ and rouse him! By Jove! he’s away ”

Through a gap in the oaks see them speeding along,

O’er the open like pigeons, “ They *want* it to-day ’

You may jump till you’re sick—you may spur till you tire ’

For it’s catch ’em who can ’ ’ says the Galloping Squire

Then he takes the old horse by the head, and he snags,

In the wake of his darlings, all ear and all eye.

As they come in his line, o’er banks, fences and rails,

The cramped ones to creep, and the fair ones to fly

It’s a very queer place that will put in the mire,

Such a rare one to ride as the Galloping Squire.

But a fellow has brought to their noses the pack,

And the pasture beyond is with cattle-stains spread,

One wave of his arm, and the Squire in a crack,

Has lifted and thrown in the beauties at head

“ On a morning like this, it’s small help you require,

But he’s forward, I’ll swear ” says the Galloping Squire

So forty fair minutes they run and they race,

’Tis a heaven to some! ’tis a lifetime to all,

Though the horses we ride are such gluttons for price,

There are stout ones that stop, there are safe ones
that fall.

But the arrows of the unpurged need never transpire,
For they will all in the rear of the Galloping Squire.

In this pursuit of his victim that ever drew breath,
 At intervals he struggled, held high for a throw,
For the quiver of his arrows, is grinning in death,
 For the arrows have fallen down to be eaten below ;
While the fowls flutter out from a neighbouring spire
At the snoring who whoops at the Galloping Squire.

And the hunters at work, and the lord in his hall,
 Have a rest or a smile when they hear of the sport,
For the noble lord he's teased by all,
 For they never expect to see more of the sort.
And long may it last, for he's forced to retire,
For we have few, few like the Galloping Squire.

"A RUM ONE TO FOLLOW, A BAD
ONE TO BEAT."

Cover, I'll give you the health of a man we all know,

A man we all swear by, a friend of our own,

With the bounds running behind, he's safest to go,

And he's always in front, and he's often alone

A rider unequalled—a sportsman complete,

A rum one to follow, a bad one to beat.

As he sits in the saddle, a baby could tell

He can hustle a sucker, a flyer can spare,

He has science, and nerve, and decision as well.

He knows where he's going and means to be there

The first day I saw him they said at the meet,

That's a rum one to follow, a bad one to beat

We thrust off at the Castle, we found in the holt,

Like wildfire the beams went streaming away,

From the rest of the field he came out like a bolt,

And he tuckled to work like a schoolboy to play,

And he tumbled down his hit, and got home in his seat.

He run one to fall in, this had one to beat

I was a stout, I was, but to see the man ride '

Over the rough and the smooth he went sailing along,

And what Providence sent him, he took in his stride,

Though the ditches were deep, and the fences were
strong.

'Thank's I, 't' he leads me I'm in for a treat,

With this run one to follow, this had one to beat '

If he they'd run for a mile, there was room in the front

Such a scatter and squander you never did see '

And I honestly own I'd been out of the hunt,

But the head of his hack was the beacon for me

So I kept him as a bait, and I was proud of the feat,

I was one to follow, this had one to beat '

Let me come to a ripper as black as your hat,

You could not see over—you couldn't see through,

So he made for the gate, knowing what he was at,

And the chain being round it, why—over he flew '

While I swore a round oath that I needn't repeat,
At this run one to follow, this bad one to beat.

For a place I liked better I hastened to seek,
But the place I liked better I sought for in vain.
And I honestly own, if the truth I must speak,
That I never caught sight of my leader again.
But I thought, "I'd give something to have his receipt."
This run one to follow, this bad one to beat.

They told me that night he went best through the run,
They said that he hung up a dozen to dry,
When a brook in the bottom stopped most of their fun,
But I know that I never went near it, nor I.
For I found it a fruitless attempt to compete
With this run one to follow, this bad one to beat.

So we'll fill him a bumper as deep as you please,
And we'll give him a cheer, for deny it who can,
When the country is roughest he's most at his ease.
When the run is severest, he rides like a man,
And the pace cannot stop, nor the fences defeat,
This run one to follow, this bad one to beat.

“A DAY’S RIDE: A LIFE’S ROMANCE.”

When the early dawn is stealing
 From the moonland edge, revealing
 All the tender tints of morning ere she flushes into day,
 Then beneath her window, shaking
 Fit and fiddle, while she’s waking,
 Stands a lean, stern, equine, to bear my love away :
 By hill and holt to follow,
 Horn and horn, and huntsman’s holloa,
 Follow ! Follow ! where they lure us, follow, follow as we
 may !

When the chase is onward speeding,
 With its boldest spirits leading,
 When the red is on the rowel, and the foam is on the
 rein,

Far in front her form is fleeting,
And her gentle heart is beating,
With the rapture of the race, as it sweeps across the plain
Then I press by dint of riding
Where my beacon star is guiding,
And the laggard spurring madly hurnes after us in vain

O'er the open still careering,
Fence and furrow freely clearing,
Like the winds of heaven leaving little trace of where we
pass;
With that merry music ringing,
Father Time is surely flinging
Golden sand about the moments as he shakes them from
the glass;
Horn and hound are churning gladly,
Horse and man are vying madly,
In the glory of the gallop. Forty minutes on the grass

Till, by yonder group, dismounted,
Group that's quickly told and counted,
Hark, the pack are laying fiercely round their quarry
lying dead;

But those eyes that came so bright,

Such a spectacle unsightly

Now I find no longer looketh on with sorrow and of
dread ;

So she gathers up her tresses,

And with loving hand caresses

Now the head of the bonny steed, and home and
turns his head.

Every sweet must have its bitter,

And the time has come to quit her,

For the night is falling darker for the happy day that's
done ;

Now I wish I were the bridle,

In the fingers of mine idol,

Now I wish I were the bonny steed that bore her through
the run ;

For I fain would still be nearest

To my loveliest and dearest,

And I fain would be the truest slave that ever worshipp'd
one !

‘ THE CHIPPER THAT STANDS IN THE STALL
AT THE TOP.’

REFUGEE TO THE HON. CHARLES WHITE, SCOTTS JUSTICE
OF THE PEACE,
GUARDS,

‘ To stop him, hal ! ’ Non, sir, I think you’d decline

Such a picture you never set eyes on before,
He was bought in at Tatters for three hundred I swear,

And he’s worth all the money to look at, and more
For the peck of the basket, the show of the shop,
Is the Chipper that stands in the stall at the top

In the records of racing I read the account,

There were none of the sort but could gallop and stan
At Newmarket his sire was the best of his year,

And the Yorkshutemen boast of his dam to this day,
But never a liker tool did she drop,
Thus this Chipper that stands in the stall at the top.

A head like a snake, and a skin like a mouse,

An eye like a woman, bright, gentle, and brown,

With fangs and a hook that would carry a horse,

And spotters to hit him smack over a town !

What's a leap to the nest, as to him but a hop,

This Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

When the country is deepest, I give you my word,

From pack and pleasure to put him along,

Over fens and pasture he sweeps like a land,

And there's nothing too wide, nor too high, nor too
strong ;

For the ploughs cannot choke, nor the fences can crop,

This Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

Last Monday we ran for an hour in the Vale,

Not a ballhush was trimmed, of a gap not a sign ;

All the ditches were double, each fence had a rail,

And the farmers had locked every gate in the hue,

So I gave him the office, and over them—Pop !

Went the Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

I'd a lead of them all when we came to the brook,

A big one—a lump'er—went up to your chin,

As he threw it behind him, I turned for a look,

'There were eight of us had it, and seven got in !

Then he shook his lean head, when he heard them go
plop !

This Clipper that stands in the stall at the top

Ere we got to the finish, I counted but ten,

And never a coat without that, but my own

'To the good horse I rode, all the credit was due,

When the others were hung, he scarcely was I hear

For the best of the pack is unable to stop

The Clipper that stands in the stall at the top

You may put on his clothes — every sportsman, they say,

In his life time has one that outtravels the rest,

So the pearl of my basket, I've shown you today

The gentlest, the gamest — the boldest — the best

And I never will part, by a sale or a swap,

With my Clipper that stands in the stall at the top

THE WARD.

(Dedicated, by permission, to Mrs. J. L. MORRISON.)

THAT are flowers on the earth, there are gems in the sea,

There is the pearl, and the ruby—the lily, the rose,

But the emerald-green is the jewel for me,

And the shamrock's the dearest of posies that grows

For the flower and the gem are combined in the sword,

That goes plume and pace to a run with the Ward.

100 * The hunter makes music that 's sweet to the ear,

And the note of the hound rings home to the brain,

But the sport we love best is a span with the deer,

For the pack at the pasture, the pride of the plain,

Where the men of the hunt, and the men of the sword,

Are at work with their spans to ride up to the Ward.

Not a moment to lose if you'd share in the fun,

 'Oh a gate 'or a gap, not a sign to be seen '—

For the dancers are ready, the music 's begun,

 To the tune, if you like it, of "We sang the Green."

For a horse may be grazed, and his rider be doated,

In a couple of drakes, when they start with the Ward

"Now loose him ' now lift him '—Your soul what a place '—

 An embankment between, and a yonker each side,

What delivered us over above was the pace,

 Never spare when you're "on an engagement " to ride '—

For the whip must be drawn, and the flanks must be scored,

If you're called on in earnest to live with the Ward

Then forward '—The hounds are still fleeing away

 How they drive for a scent—how they press for a view '—

Now they have it '—and steam at the flanks of their peer,

 As he sounds by "Dun shaghtlin and on to Kildur

While the field are beat off, from the bout to the lord,

For the tul of a sonnets a poke to the Ward

The boldest are hunted—the best are out-pored,

 For "wreckers " and ropes, at each fence there's a call

What with riders dismounted, and horses disgraced,

 You'd think not a leap was left in us at all '—

But the hunter's your land hasn't breath to record,

For disasters come thick at the pace of the Ward,

Like tines we wheel in the fury house, — see,

They've stown in the grip, and the mare's on the man '—

But a voice cometh up from the deep, and says he,

'It's pretendin' ye are '— sure, ye're schumin' it, fan

So we leave them in hopes they may soon be restored,

There's no time to look back in a run with the Ward.

At the finish how few are there left in the game '—

And the few that are left seem well pleased to be there,

But an Irishman rides for the sport, not the fame,

And it's little he'll trouble, and less that he'll care

For the stakes, when the pieces are swept from the board,

It's diversion — he loves — so he hunts with the Ward.

Then success to the master '— more power '— and long life '—

Success to his horses, his hounds, and his men '—

And the brightest of days to his fair lady-wife '—

May she lead us, and beat us again and again '—

Thus from sorrow to sorrow all fate can afford,

With Blureogh, to-morrow, we'll hunt with the Ward.

THE BULLFINCH.

My first is the point of an Irishman's tale,

My second is a tail of its own to disclose,

But I warn you in time, lest your courage should fail,

If you're troubled with either the shakes or the shams

That the longer you look at my whole in the tale

The bigger, and blacker, and bunter it grows.

A CAVALIER'S SONG.

(From Holby House.)

Hot all our flagons as deep as you please,

Hot pledge me the health that we quaff on our knees.

And the knave who refuses to drink till he fall,

When the longman shall crop him—ears, love locks, and all

Then a halter we'll string,

And the rebel shall swing,

While the gillents of England are up for the King.

He shall saddle my horses as quick as you may,

He shall mount the black, and the white footed bay,

The trumpet shall be mustered, the trumpet shall peal,

And the Roundhead shall taste of a Cavalier's steel

For the little birds sing,

There are hawks on the wing

When the gillents of England are up for the King.

Ho ! fling out my leaver, and toss me the glove,
That but yesterday clung to the hand of my love,
'To be bound on my crest—to be borne in the van,
And the rebel that reaps it must tress like a man '
For the sabre shall swing,
And the head-pieces ring,
When the gallants of England strike home for the King '

Ho ! crash me a cup to the queen of my heart '
Ho ! fill me a bumper, the last ere we part,
A health to Prince Rupert—success and renown '
To the dogs with the Commons ' and up with the crown
Then the stirrup-cup bring,
Quaff it round in a ring !
To your houses ' and ride to the death for the King '

THE MONKS THAT LIVE UNDER THE
HILL."

Wouldn't it lighten your conscience, sweet Leicestershire
maid,

To be shaven though guiltless of ill?

There's a snug little priory lurks in the glade,

I like a nest in a meadow and don't be afraid,

For remorseful young folks are quite in the trade

Of the Monk that live under the hall.

Is a toothache so zealous and pious, no doubt,

And their duties they seem to fulfil,

By creating a good deal of racket and row,

By deep-sleeping repose and ignoring the gout,

And by keeping the steam up within and without,

'These Monks that live under the hill.

They are seldom in bed before Morns or Prime,

 Though they often rise early for dull

But at luncheon a "Pick me up" brings them to tune,

Till their Vespers ring out with the dinner bell's clang,

And by Compline, the form becomes truly sublime,

 Of these Monks that live under the hill

They are given to dancing in London, men say,

 And to flirting, I am told with a maid

But in Leicestershire nothing like this would't pay

Where the business of life is to hunt every day,

And the night must take care of themselves as they may,

 With the Monks that live under the hill

So their riding is reckless, their courage is high,

 And regardless of cropper or spill,

Their "overs" they rattle, —their "respers" they fly,

At the wilest of water they *an'* have a shy,

And while horses can wig, it is "Never say die"

 With these Monks that live under the hill.

Till at evening song homeward like rooks they repair,

When they've ended the day with a hail,

And they'll chide you some canticles, rare and rare,

And they'll tell you some tales would make many men stare,

And they'll bid you to dine on the daintiest fare,

With these Monks that live under the hill.

Then the Prior will press you to taste of his best,

On the sweet, and the dry, and the still,

While the jolly Sacristan will pass you his jest,

And the rather confessor will fill for the guest,

And you'll vow such a life is a life of the best,

With these Monks that live under the hill.

Then long may it be so! and long may they thrive!

Uncaptured by feminine skill,

For the Touchetables have the best of the hill,

And our Pious priests are too precious to sell,

And the pack of the choicest companions alive

Are the Monks that live under the hill.

AN ANGEL IN THE WAY.

Even the downward path is spread,

Love and light thy coming greet,

Fruit is blushing o'er thy head,

Flowers are springing beneath thy feet

Mirth and sin, with tossing hands,

Wave thee on, a willing prey ;

Yet an instant pause—there stands

An angel in the way.

Herd the heavenly warblers, know

Fairest flowers the feet may trip ;

Fruits, that like the sunset glow,

Turn to ashes on the lip,

Though the joys be wild and free,

Though the paths be pleasant, stay

Even mortal eye can see

An angel in the way.

With those down in worldly pleasure.

Wilt thou have, like him of old,

Length of days and store of treasure.

Wisdom, glory, power and gold?

Life and limb, shall sickness waste,

Want shall grind thee day by day,

Still to see this, to feel this placed

An angel in the way.

Trusting all on things that perish,

Shall a hopeless faith be thine?

Earthly idol wilt thou cherish?

Bow before an earthly shrine?

Meet rebuke to mortal love

Yearning for a child of clay,

To see thine own path, and prove

An angel in the way.

When the prophet thought to sin,

Tempted by his heathen guide;

When a prince's grace to win,

Prophesies would thou have laid,

From the mute the sage controlled;

Found a human voice, to say

"Master, smite me not—Behold

An angel in the way!"

So, when vice, to lure her slave,

Woo's him down the sliding track,

Spirit-hands are stretched to save,

Spirit-voices warn him back.

Heart of man ! to evil prone,

Chafe not at thy sin's delay,

But thee humbly down, and own

An angel in the way.

From the "London Gazette."

ANNOUNCEMENT.—THE HONOURABLE MAJOR CHARLES CRAUFORD PERKINS.

"I am a private in the 1st Battalion on the 31st December 1887, and have volunteered at great personal risk, and after a long period of illness, to accompany one of Captain Maitland and company, to the Ladang, as sent to maintain order and bring back the fugitive Malays, which is pursuit of the rebels. Major Perkins was severely wounded, although at the time he was engaged in firing his rifle from a severe wound received during a charge on a village against some Barots, on the 10th of November, 1887, at the 1st of Jan., 1888."

HOW HE WON THE SWIMMER'S GOLD MEDAL, AND THE VICTORIA CROSS

Gleaming eyes, and dusky faces,
 Dismal guns, depressed for slaughter,
 Track of blood in turnsoil places,
 Be it the jungle, here the water,
 Hazy troop and opening section,
 Crash of grape, and hiss of ball,
 Trumpets at a chief's direction
 Sounding the Recall.

‘ Turn again, we shall not heed them,
Gallant steed, so loyal and true,
Others in the rear may lead them,
We have something yet to do.
Through the wounded, through the dying,
Clear the press, and stem the rout,
In that stream a comrade’s lying,
We must have him out !’

Chargers hold, and riders hobble,
None dare stem that torrent’s force,
Breaking over girth and shoulder,
Sweeping downward man and horse
In its bend the stream runs deeper,
Foes about him, friends afar,
Sheltering where the bank is steeper,
Clings the maimed Hussar.

Off with buckle, belt, and sabre !
Heedless of a crippled limb,
Scorning pain, stripped for labour,
In he dashes, sink or swim ;

Now he's whirling round the eddy,
Now he battles in its roar,
Now with lengthened stroke and steady,
Nears the other shore.

Dusky faces peering grimmer,
Fiery flashes from the wood,
Watery flashes round the swimmer
Where the bullet rips the flood ;
Now to reach him, foothold gaining '—
Now to drag him safely back,
Through an angry volley, raining
Death along the track !

Dusky faces blankly staring
On a prey thus lost and won,
Muttered curses, fiercely swearing,
" Allah ! Allah ! bravely done !"
While the hero, like a galley
Nobly freighted, stems the tide,
While a score of troopers rally
On the hither side.

Tramp of horse and death-shot pealing,
 Wolfish howl, and British cheer,
Cannot drown the whisper—sneaking
 Grateful on the rescuer's ear.
Wounded, helpless, sick, dismounted,
 Charlie Fraser, well I knew,
Came the worst, I might have counted
 Faithfully on you ?

Thus the double danger spurned he,
 Bold to slay and bold to save,
Thus the need of honour earned he,
 Doubled for the doubly brave.
Budge of sinners, budge of sinners,
 Gold and bronze—by which his dress
Next the swiftest medal, wearing
 His Victoria Cross !

"BOOTS AND SADDLES."

I see a sign of a track—the stamp of a hoot,

Stars above, and a wind in the trees,

A bush for a billet, a rock for a roof,

Outpost duty's the duty for me !

Listen ! a stir in the valley below,

The valley below is with riders crammed,

Covering the column and watching the foe,

Trumpet major—sound and be d—d !

Stand to your horses !—It's time to begin,

Boots and saddles ! the pockets are in !

Though our baggage here has smouldered away,

Yet a bit of good livery can comfort us well,

When you sleep in your cloak there's no lodging to pay,

And where we shall breakfast the devil can tell

But the horses were fed ere the daylight had gone.

There's a shoe in the enders, a drop in the can,
Take a suck at it, comrade, and so pass it on.

For a rum of lunacy puts heart in a man
Good report is scarce, and to waste it a sin,
Boots and saddles ' the pockets are in '.

Look ' there's a shot from the crest of the hill '.

Look ' there's a rocket leaps high in the air '.
By the beat of his gallop that's nearing us still.

That run away horse has no rider, I'll swear it '.
There's a jolly light Infantry post on the right.

I hear their bugles, they sound the advance,
Loth ' they'll tip us a tune that shall wake up the night.

And were hardly the lads to leave out of the dance
Loose to it already, I hear by the din,

Boots and saddles ' the pockets are in '.

They don't give us long our divisions to prove,

Short, sharp, and distinct comes the word of command.

' Huz your men in the saddle ' be ready to move,

Keep the squadron together, the horses in hand '.

While a whisper's caught up through the ranks as they
form,

A whisper that fun would break out in a cheer,

How the fun is a funce, how the work will be warm.

But steady—the drum gallops up from the rear

With all—Death or glory—to fight is to win,

And the colonel raves and raves, I know by his grin

Boots and saddles! The packets are in,

Boots and saddles! the packets are in!

THE FAIRIES' SPRING.

They have stolen the child from his father's hand

He is missed from his mother's knee.

They have borne him away to their elven land

To ride in the van of a fairy band,

For a babe of the cross was he ;

Fond father, meek mother, ye seek him in vain

Ye never shall look on your darling again.

To the mountainside where the flowers grew wild,

He would wander forth to play,

And the faeries had seen that winsome child,

With his golden curls and blue eyes mild,

And simple childish way ;

So the elf king caught him, " Come hither," said he,

" Come ride to the land of the faeries with me !"

He thought not once of his mother's care,

He forgot his father's home,

For they brought him a steed like the driven snow,

And he scaled as they led him down below,

Through middle earth to roam ;

And they showed him their treasure of jewels and gold,

And they welcomed the boy, for they loved him of old

But the child soon pined for his mother's care

He pined for the light of day,

He pined for the freshness of upper air,

His blue eyes shied with the blinding glare

Of their cavern's magic ray ;

For the sign of the cross had been pressed on his brow,

And he might not be idle to the fairy folk now,

But how that have lived with the elfin race

May visit this earth again ;

No more shall he smile in his mother's love,

For his spirit hath flown to its heavenly place,

With the faeries it might not remain ;

Though deeply they loved him, and hopeless, and wild,

Was the elfin's grief for the Christian child.

They buried him down in western lone,

Deep, deep in the mountain's womb,

And their tears welled up through the hard grey stone,

To the turf above, — they made their moan

O'er the infant's early tomb ;

And sweet to the thirsting lips of men

Is the spring of tears in the fancies' glen.

"POT-POURRI."

I found a sweet moss-rose in garden adjoining,
 With a flush to her core like the pink of a shell,
 And I wrung from her petals the dew-drop of morning,
 And gathered her gently and tended her well
 For the bee and the butterfly round her were humming,
 To whisper their flattering love-tale and fly,
 And too surely I knew that the year on was coming,
 When the flower must fade and the insect must die.

So deep in the shade of my chamber I brought her,
 And sheltered her safe from the wind and the sun
 And cared for her kindly, and dipped her in water,
 And vowed to preserve her when summer was done,
 Though dark was my dwelling, the darling of Flora,
 This spirit of beauty enhanced the gloom,
 Was it strange, was it wrong, I should love and adore her?
 Should loathe in her fragrance and bask in her bloom?

But long ere the brightness of summer was shaded,

My mistress was drooping and withering away,

Her perfume had perished, her freshness had faded.

The very condition of life is decay ;

And now more than ever I cherish and prize her.

For love shall not falter, though beauty depart

And dearer to me than the others expose her.

My mistress is lying crushed close to my heart

CHASTELÂR.

As an upland bare and sore
In the waning of the year,
When the golden drops are withered off the broom
As a picture when the pride
Of its colouring hath died,
And faded like a phantom into gloam ,

As a night without a star,
Or a ship without a spar,
Or a mist that hushes and gathers on the sea ,
As a court without a throne,
Or a ring without a stone,
Seems the widowed land of France, bereft of thee !

Our darling pearl and pride,
Our blossom and our bride,
Wilt thou never gladden eyes of ours again ?
Would the waves might see and drown
Barren Scotland and her crown,
So thou wert back with us as far—Lorraine

CHASTELÂR.

What need have we of heaven's sheen
 To warn us or to save,
 With the star-light, lit eyes of our lovely queen
 Guiding us o'er the wave?

What need have we of a following tide,
 What need of a smiling sky?
 'Tis sunshine ever at Mary's side,
 And summer when she is by.

Her glances, like the day's all's light
 On each and all are thrown;
 Like him she shines, unequalled, bright,
 Unrivalled, and alone.

Alone ! alone ! an ice-queen's lot,
 Though dazling on a throne ;
 Ah ! better to love in the lowliest cot
 Than pine in a palace, alone.

CHASTELÂR.

The lightest gems in heaven that glow
Shine out from midmost sky,
The whitest pearls of the sea below
In its lowest caverns lie.
He must stretch better who would reach a star,
Dive deep for the pearl, I trow,
And the fairest rose that in Scotland blows
Hangs high on the topmost bough.

The stream of the strath runs broad and strong,
But sweeter the mountain-rill ;
And those who would drink with the fury throng,
Must climb to the crest of the hill.
For the moonlit ring of the elfin king
Is danced on the steepest knoe,
And the bonniest rose that in Scotland blows,
Hangs high on the topmost bough.

The violet peeps from its sheltering brake.

The lily lies low on the lea,

Where a thistle is on ye may reach and take.

For the humble are frank and free :

But the pride which prides went a thorn at her side

It has pricked to the bone ere now ;

And the noblest rose that in Scotland blows,

Hangs high on the topmost bough

There a glorious gain to have gathered all

For the fairest branch in the bower,

And a man might well be content to fall

In a leap for its queenliest flower.

To win her indeed were too proudly to mark,

To serve her is guerdon enough,

And the loveliest rose that in Scotland blows,

Hangs high on the topmost bough

THE MAIDEN'S VOW.

A woman may better her word, I trow,

Now hark and listen, my lords, to me,

And I'll tell ye the tale of the Maiden's Vow.

And the roses that bloomed on the bonny rose-tree

The queen of the cluster, beyond compare,

Aloft in the pride of her majesty hung,

Bright and beautiful, fresh and fair,

The levy of blossoms around her clung.

So the winds came wooing from east and west,

Wooing and whispering, trunk and tree

But she folded her petals, quoth she, " I am best

On a stalk of my own, at the top of the tree

And they tickled their petals the rosebuds too,

And cheer they clung as the wind swept by

For they vowed a vow, that sisterhood true,

Together to fade, and together to die.

"Never a wind shall a rosebud wrest,

Never a gallant shall wile us away,

To wear in his bonnet, to wear on his breast,"

Rose and rosebuds in-singing, "Nay."

So staunch were the five to their word of mouth,

They baffled the suitors that thronged to the tower

Ull a bevere came murmuring out of the south,

And stole home to the heart of the queenliest flower

So she bent her beauty to hear him sigh,

And ever the laughter and limer she grew.

What wonder then that each rosebud nigh

Should open its leaves to the lingers too?

Oh gather the dew, while the freshness is on,

Roses and maidens they fade in a day

For you've tasted its sweetness the morning is gone.

Love at your leisure, but wed while you may.

Winter is coming, and nunc shall not spare ye,

Beautiful blossom, so fragrant and sheer

Joy to the gallants that win ye and wear ye,

Joy to the roses, and joy to their queen

FAREWELL.

Farewell ! farewell ! How soon 'tis said,
 The wind is off the bay,
 The sweeps are out, the sail is spread,
 The galley gathers way.

Farewell ! farewell ! The words are light ;
 Yet how can words say more ?
 Sad hearts are on the sea to night
 And sadder on the shore.

Farewell ! farewell ! Perhaps it means
 Thy triumph to be free ;
 Farewell ! farewell ! Perhaps it means
 An end of all for me !

THE FAIREST FLOWER.

I'm painted pinks are gay and glad,
The rose is blushing red,
The lady-lily, pale and sad,
Hangs meekly down her head ;
A carpet rich in countless dyes,
Marred by a single blot,
For seeking still the flower I prize,
Meets but to mock my weary eyes,
The blank where she is not !

A golden insect hums aloft,
Nor pauses in its quest ;
A wind steals in, and whispers soft
Of summers in the west ;
They search the garden through and through,
They try each wealthy plot,
The bee to wed, the breeze to woo,
That missing flower, and only sue
The blank where she is not !

And here and there, now low, now high,
In many a darting ring,
There shoots a shade across the sky,
The wildbird on the wing ;
The wild bird hurries to and fro
About each well-known spot,
That breathed her fragrance long ago,
That hath not kept one leaf to show
The blank where she is not !

I, too, must wander lonely round
An unfrequented bower,
And mourn through all the garden ground,
My early withered flower ;

My hope : that bounteous, bright and luck,

My changed and cheerless lot,

For still my life is cold and dark,

And still my heart is sad to mark

The blank where she is not !

manuscript
by author to
his daughter - title page

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